

## PALMER

## Leaves For Chicago.

Matched to Fight With  
Morris Rausch.Gardner and Simms Will  
Soon Clash.Fitzsimmons Paid Dearly For  
His Folly.North Ends Won Two Games—Local  
Sporting News.

Jack Palmer left for Chicago Monday morning. He has an engagement with Morris Rausch with whom he fought a 10-round draw in this city.

They will meet in a preliminary to the McGovern-Dixon contest at Tattersall's Saturday, June 23. Palmer will be in the Housman string. He will complete his training with Art Simms who made the match for him.

Palmer will need but little more work to put him in the best of condition. He weighs 114 pounds now. He will go into the ring weighing 112. He believes that he will get as good as a draw out of the go. He is in receipt of a letter from Simms in which Art says that he expects to get on a match with Sauty. He will go against Gardner at Bloomington, Ill., July 7. They will fight 20 rounds.

## WON BOTH GAMES.

The North Ends won an exciting game from the Wadsworth team at Summit lake park Sunday afternoon. A large crowd witnessed the contest. Morgan started in to pitch for the Wadsworth team. He was a mark for the North Ends and was taken out after the first inning. Helmick, who succeeded him was effective for six innings. In the last two innings he was pounded all over the lot. The teams batted as follows:

## WADSWORTH.

P. Hutchinson.....left field  
Gaffney.....first base  
Jones.....short stop  
W. Hutchinson.....third base  
Dunn.....second base  
McDermott.....right field  
Helmick.....center field and pitcher  
Brown.....catcher  
Morgan.....pitcher and center field

## NORTH ENDS.

Bedhur.....third base  
C. Krohmer.....catcher  
H. Krohmer.....right field  
Lowery.....second base  
Mack.....center field  
McBurney.....left field  
Crile.....short stop  
Schultz.....first base  
Heister.....pitcher

Score by innings:

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 R.H.E.  
Wadsworth.....2 0 2 1 0 1 3 1 4-14 15 4  
N. Ends.....4 0 0 0 0 1 0 5 5-15 16 4

Earned runs—Wadsworth 2, North Ends 4. Bases on balls—By Morgan 8, Heister 5. Struck out—By Heister 2, Morgan 1. Umpire—Frank Motz.

Saturday afternoon the North Ends met and defeated the Sharons. The game was not won until the last man was out. Limric pitched a good game for the North Ends. He was given good support. The teams batted as follows:

## SHARON.

Brown.....catcher  
Chatfield.....center field  
Dunn.....short stop  
Case.....third base  
Totman.....second base  
Woodward.....first base  
Bows.....right field  
Barnes.....pitcher  
Johnson.....left field

## NORTH ENDS.

Bedhur.....third base  
C. Krohmer.....catcher  
H. Krohmer.....short stop  
Mack.....center field  
Lowery.....second base  
McBurney.....left field  
Cassidy.....first base  
Tubolsky.....right field

Limric.....pitcher

Score by innings:

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 R.H.E.  
N. Ends.....2 2 3 0 0 0 1 1-8 13 4  
Sharon.....3 0 0 1 0 0 1 0-5 8 3

Earned runs—North Ends 2, Two-base hits—C. Krohmer, Lowery, McBurney, Dunn, Totman. Home runs—Bedhur. Base on hit by pitcher—Brown—Bows. Struck out by Limric 5, by Barnes 3. Base on balls, by Limric 3, by Barnes 2. Passed balls—Brown 3. Stolen bases—Dunn 2, C. Krohmer 1, Mack 1. Time of game—Two hours and 10 minutes. Umpire—Frank Motz.

## WERE DISAPPOINTED.

Those who were anxiously awaiting the contest between Bob Fitzsimmons and Gus Ruhlin, the Akron giant, met with great disappointment last week when it was announced that the match was off, says the Enquirer. Fitz hurt his hand on Big Ed Dunkhorst, and upon having a surgeon examine the injured member he was much chagrined to learn that the injury would prevent him from appearing in the ring for some time to come. Fitz at once declared off his match with Ruhlin, and will take a long rest, so that he can carefully treat his bad hand, and will do no more boxing until it is entirely well. By the failure of the match to come off Ruhlin loses a great opportunity to show his real quality as a fighter and force himself into line for championship honors.

There is some talk of a match between Ruhlin and Sharkey, but as yet nothing definite has transpired in the matter. Ruhlin's manager, Billy Madden, says Fitz is certainly to blame for the match falling through, as he had no business to fight Ed Dunkhorst when he had another and more important battle before him.

There is a good deal of truth in Madden's talk. Fighting suckers is not always a safe game.

## WHITE'S CHANCES.

Next Thursday night at the Coney Island Athletic club, Tommy White of Chicago, the 126-pound champion of the world, will meet Terrence McGovern of Brooklyn, the featherweight premier, says a New York special. The odds at the ring side will, of course, favor McGovern. New Yorkers, and for that matter, Chicagoans, too, have come to look upon McGovern as being invincible. The little Brooklyn demon has been coming at a clip of late which undoubtedly entitles him to all the adoration and adulation showered upon him. In their last fight of six rounds Terry was not coming quite as fast at the close as at the beginning. Indeed, it was White who was setting the pace when the going clanged at the close of the bout. Those who have seen White in any of his longer engagements know what a game and insistent little boxer Tommy is when going over a stretch of ground. The battle at Coney Island is to be for 25 rounds, and McGovern has never showed to advantage in anything but early round decisions. If Tommy can stand the Brooklyn boy off for from 10 to 15 rounds he will have a royal chance to get the decision at the end of the 25th, but the odds of course, will be the other way.

## AGAINST AN UNKNOWN.

On the same night the Coney Island management has promised to match Art Simms, the Akron (Ohio) boy, the lightweight who recently defeated Ole Olson in Chicago. The name of Simms' prospective opponent is not known.

## HORSE NOTES.

Belle S., 2:22 1/4, and Freebooter, 2:20 1/4, are in Cal Stull's stable at Fountain Park, O. They will start at Rockport.

William Richardson's son of Peveril, 2:14 1/2, is one of the likeliest youngsters in Summit county.

Rosetta, 2:20 1/2, has been bred to Aganias, 2:05. She is being driven on the road by F. J. Derrick.

Lura Backus, 2:25 1/4, has been a mile in 2:25 and a half in 1:41 at Fountain Park.

Chandler, owned by F. B. Lancaster, will start in the 2:30 pace at Newburg, Wednesday.

## PRACTICE GAMES.

The Kirkwoods will practice on the college grounds every Tuesday and Thursday afternoon. Two teams will be selected from the club members. The men making the best fielding and batting averages in these games will be given places on the regular club.

Brewster will be in the box for the team during the season. Frank Howland, now playing at Cornell, will be at second base. Lamb who is at Western Reserve university is a member of the club and will be on the team. There are a large number of candidates for the other positions. The first practice game will be played Tuesday afternoon. The members of the club are asked to be at the grounds at 5:30 o'clock for practice.

## EXCITING GAME.

The Kirkwoods played their first game Saturday afternoon, the Buchtels being the opposing team. Although there were a great many misplays the game was full of interest. The Buchtels won by a score of 15 to 12. Two pitchers were tried out by the Buchtels and three by the Kirkwoods. Price started in to pitch for the collegians. He was given a warm reception, two singles and three bases on balls netting the Kirkwoods four runs in the first inning. He was replaced by Washer in the second. The Kirkwoods were unable to connect with Washer's curves to any great extent. Hull was in the box for the Kirkwoods when the game opened. He was relieved by Brewster who pitched good ball. His support was poor and he did not finish the game. Harpham pitched the last two innings. Price made a pretty catch of a hot line hit at short making a double play possible. John Chapman made a good showing at first. He cracked out a hot three bagger in the ninth inning. The batting order was as follows:

Buchtel.....	Kirkwood.....
Cushman, 1c.....	Miller, ss.....
Reid, 3b.....	Lake, 2b.....
Price, ss, p.....	Carter, 3b.....
Mars, 1b.....	Smith, c.....
Dorrance, c.....	Brewster, rf, p.....
Rowell, 2b.....	Chapman, 1b.....
Herwig, cf.....	Ebraun, lf.....
Cook, rf.....	Harpham, p, cf.....
Washer, p, ss.....	Williams, cf.....
	Hull, p, rf.....

Score by innings: — R H E

Buchtel.....2 4 1 0 2 4 2 0-15 10 6  
Kirkwood.....4 1 0 1 0 0 2 2-12 4 9

## FITZSIMMONS' SHREWD MOVE.

Fitzsimmons' action in declaring off his bout with Ruhlin, shrewd followers of the prize ring events, say, is a clever move to get Ruhlin out of the way and eventually force Jeeries into another fight with him. Those who enjoy the confidence of Fitzsimmons say that "Lanky Bob" will sign articles with the champion as soon as his injured hand heals. If this is so, devotees of boxing may expect to see at least two good contests, as Ruhlin and Sharkey are already matched to fight on June 26.

## RUHLIN AND SHARKEY.

The fact that Gus Ruhlin will take McCoy's place with Sharkey and meet the sailor at Coney Island on June 26 is a welcome announcement to the sporting fraternity in the face of the disappointments it has suffered in having so many big contests declared off. Well posted men say it will be a great fight, and it certainly looks on paper as though one would get his money's worth.

## AN EXPENSIVE AFFAIR.

An expert on pugilistic matters has estimated that Fitzsimmons' lame hand will cost him close to \$50,000. His estimate is as follows:

Training expenses.....	\$ 500
Forfeit to Ruhlin.....	500
Forfeit to Westchester club.....	500
Probable share of fight with Ruhlin.....	10,000
Betting, if he defeated Ruhlin.....	5,000
Estimated profits from moving pictures.....	15,000
Probable share of intended match with Sharkey.....	12,000
Income from exhibitions after fight.....	5,000
Total.....	\$48,500

## \$500 REWARD.

We will pay the above reward for any case of Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia, Sick Headache, Indigestion, Constipation or Colic, or any other ailment, sent by mail, to date Little Liver Pills, when the directions are strictly complied with. They are purely vegetable and never fail to give satisfaction. See boxes contain 100 pills, 50 boxes contain 40 pills, 20 boxes contain 15 pills. Beware of substitutions and imitations, sent by mail. Stamps taken. SERVITA MEDICAL CO., 609 Clinton and Jackson Sts., Chicago, Ill. Sold by E. Steinbocker & Co., druggists, Akron, O.

## Just the Man.

Mrs. Belgrave (on the Bermuda boat)—Are you one of the stewards?  
Bill Roling—No, ma'am. I'm cap'n of the top.  
Mrs. Belgrave—How nice! Bring it and spin it for little Chancely, won't you? He's almost bored to death.  
Harlem Life

## BOWSER IN POLITICS.

## HE JUMPS INTO A REFORM PARTY AND OUT AGAIN.

Would Have Lingered Longer If He Had Not Discovered That It Was Not Exactly the Sort of Reform Party He Believed It to Be.

(Copyright, 1900, by C. B. Lewis.) That Mr. Bowser had something on his mind was plain enough to Mrs. Bowser the moment he entered the house, and all through the dinner hour she saw that he was anxious to communicate it, but she expressed no curiosity and held him off until they were seated for the evening. Then she carefully inquired if he had discovered a new spring and summer tonic.

"I shall have callers this evening," he said as he smiled at her benignly, "and the result of the call may change our whole life."

"What sort of callers?"

"Gentlemen, of course. There will be from three to five. Yes, this evening."



MR. BOWSER SAID NOTHING.

ing may be considered an epoch in our history.

"If there are any epochs going on, I should like to know what they are. Hadn't you better explain matters?"

Mr. Bowser walked up and down for a few minutes with dignified tread, and the family cat, which had been sleeping on the lounge, opened one eye



HE BOWED EACH ONE OUT.

in a lazy way and watched his movements. By and by he turned and said: "Mrs. Bowser, you are no politician, of course, but you may possibly understand that just at this moment the politics of this country is corrupt beyond comparison."

"I think I understand that," she replied.

"Unless a change is made for the better we shall be disgraced before the eyes of the world as a nation. What we want is a wave of reform."

"And you are going to start the wave?" she sarcastically queried.

"I am—that is, I probably am. The gentlemen are coming here this evening to talk about it. If, in their judgment, I am the proper person, I shall have the honor of setting the wave in motion. I am for honest politics and a pure administration."

"I thought it was some such nonsense," she slowly replied. "On three or four occasions you have mixed in politics and made a donkey of yourself, but it seems you haven't got enough."

"There you go! That's you!" he exclaimed in tones which jumped the cat to the floor. "If I had a plan to put a Bible into the hands of every heathen on earth, you'd oppose it. I was an ass to say anything to you about it."

"Mr. Bowser, you have been voting for 30 years. Have you ever known honest reform in politics?"

"Of course I have!"

"Never! There is no such thing. It's the same thing over and over again each year. If anybody has made you believe that you can bring about any change for the better, they have taken you for a fool. Why, when they wanted you to run for alderman in this ward on a reform ticket, they wanted a fund of \$1,000 to buy up votes and pay saloon bills!"

"But this is different," he protested. "What is wanted is moral influence. Let 25 good men band together to purify politics, and the movement will spread from state to state in a week. It isn't a question of money, but of character. I am simply to lead my influence to be one of the stepping stones, as it were."

"Well, you'll get stepped on fast enough. Your committee is ringing the doorbell, and I'll go up stairs. Don't get so excited over reform as to put a mortgage on the furniture."

Mr. Bowser received the committee. There were five of them. They were headed by an ex-alderman who had deliberately sacrificed a \$2 ticket to a boxing match in the interests of political reform. Even before all the gentlemen had taken their seats he whispered in Mr. Bowser's ear:

"Say, old man, if you want this movement to be a success you want to bring up decenter and glasses. The boys are expecting something at least 7 years old."

Mr. Bowser turned pale, but said nothing to reply. Neither did he produce the antidote for dry cotton. When the committee were seated, he looked them over and mentally rejoiced that

Mrs. Bowser had not caught sight of them. Then he said:

"Gentlemen, as I was given to understand this thing this afternoon, the idea is reform in politics?"

"That's it," chorused the five.

"We propose to start a wave of reform which shall roll from Maine to Texas?"

"We do."

"I am no politician, as I informed your delegate. I have never held a political office in my life. There have been years at a time when I have not even gone to the polls to vote."

"But you are an honest, respectable man and desire honest methods," said the ex-alderman.

"Yes, I can say that."

"Then you are the man for us, and we'll figure a bit. You don't happen to have anything in the house to drink, eh?"

"I haven't."

"You ought to have prepared for the wave of reform, but we can all go out to a saloon after the business is done. I've got our ward ticket made out. You see, the boys want me for alderman again. I don't think any of 'em had reason to complain of me when I was in."

"Not much?" answered one of the group with great heartiness. "It was always a square divide."

"And what is my part in the campaign to be?" asked Mr. Bowser as he laid down the ticket.

"Speaking, sir," was the reply. "You are to go about speaking and start the wave."

"And wave this crowd into office, I suppose?"

"That's it, and you'll find it a paying job too. Here are the figures."

"The figures about what?"

"The profits, sir. There are six of us, and I figure that there will be at least \$20,000 to divide among us per year. You'll get your wheel of that as straight as a string. Any campaign funds you advance are to be paid back out of the pot before it's divided. Is that plain?"

"I don't think so. We start in to reform?"

"We do."

"And we reform?"

"We do."

"And then—then what?"

"We divide the profits."

"But how do we make any profit?"

"Why, we crowd the other fellows out and get their places and their chances, don't we? A blind man can see that. Got your first speech ready?"

Mr. Bowser had about 20 words to say in reply. They were words that lifted each member of the committee out of his chair and opened his eyes very wide. Then he headed the procession down the hall, and the cat brought up in the rear. It was a solemn procession. There was painful silence as each caller put on his hat. All were ready to go out when the ex-alderman said:

"Old man, you've thrown this crowd down, but don't get giddy over it. We know how to get even."

"Good night, sir—and good night," stillly replied Mr. Bowser as he bowed each one out and closed the door with a bang.

He was standing in front of the mantle when Mrs. Bowser came down stairs and quietly asked:

"I thought I heard a roaring, booming sound down here, and I came down to see if the wave of reform had been set in motion."

Mr. Bowser glared at her, but made no reply.

"Or won't the wave start until you get your whack of aldermanic stealing?" she continued.

Mr. Bowser gasped and choked, but he could not get out a word, and as Mrs. Bowser returned to her room the cat followed her and left him to wonder how the bottom had dropped out.

M. QUAD.

The Wisdom of Experience.

The Toner smiled sadly.

"Yes; evidently Care killed the Cat and of course has more lives than the Cat. I have drowned any number of cats, but I find I cannot drown Care. However, there's nothing like perseverance."

Meekly he sidled up to the bar and called for what Omar mightfully designated as "the old familiar juice."—Syracuse Herald.

Dangerous.

"On your promise of better behavior," the magistrate said, "I will merely hold this fine over your head. If you are not brought before me again inside a year, I will let the fine drop."

"Then I'd a little rather you would not hold it directly over my head, your honor," pleaded the prisoner.—Chicago Tribune.

Inoculating Patriotism.

"We're determined that Freddy shall have a thorough knowledge of politics and history."

"What course do you pursue?"

"Oh, we place a president's portrait at his plate every morning, and he doesn't get a bite of breakfast until he guesses it."—Chicago Record.

Henry George's First Friend.

In the late seventies Henry George, the single tax reformer, came east from California. He was desperately poor and had but few acquaintances.

Shortly after his arrival he lectured

before the Saturday Linnec club of New York, where his brilliant oratory and shabby attire made so striking a contrast as to excite the sympathy of those present.

After he left the club appointed a committee to aid him in getting up a public lecture. Among others, the committee included Seth Low, who was then engaged in business. He was in consultation at the time, and the committee were in a hurry, so he told them to send him a lot of tickets. They forwarded 20 to him the same day and felt happy at having secured \$20 for the lecture fund. The next morning came a letter of thanks from Mr. Low praising the lecturer's intellectuality and enclosing a check for \$250.

The affair was a success, netting about \$300, so that President Low may be said to have been the first man to start Mr. George on his eastern career.

Twenty years later, in 1897, Mr. Low was the citizens' candidate and Mr. George the labor candidate for mayor of New York. The latter made a vigorous campaign and in all his speeches advised the citizens, if they could not vote for him, to vote for his friend Seth Low, and on one occasion he said that if it had not been for the latter he would not be there as a candidate. Few understood his full meaning.—Saturday Evening Post.

He Had Enough.

There is a New York physician who takes an active interest in politics and is popular with the "boys." In spite of his jolly disposition he is an extremely thin man, so thin that many a joke is aimed at him. Here is the latest story they are telling about him:

A grocer's boy entered the doctor's office the other day with a basket of fine fruit which some grateful patient had sent to him. The doctor told the boy to place the basket in a cabinet which stood against the wall. At the same instant he stepped out of the room, and going into an adjoining one, manipulated a contrivance which caused an articulated skeleton within the cabinet to waggle its head and limbs in an appalling manner just as the messenger boy opened the door.

With a yell of terror the boy fled. When the doctor had enjoyed a hearty laugh, he picked up a fine apple and followed the boy into the street to give it to him. "Come here, my boy!" he shouted. "Here's a fine apple for you."

"Not on your life!" replied the frightened youngster, taking to his heels again. "You can't fool me with your clothes on."—New York Tribune.

An Absentminded Professor.

I have a story of a gentleman now engaged in educational work which is, I think, somewhat remarkable and is also quite true. This gentleman was once professor of mathematics in a fine New England college. He was greatly interested in the work and devoted himself so wholly to it that a natural tendency which he had to absentmindedness became much accentuated.

One day when he had guests at dinner and was helping them to fish from a platter he took a plate bottom side up, put a fish on the bottom of the plate and handed it thus to one of the guests. There was a laugh at once, and his wife said, "My dear, if your absentmindedness has gone so far that you are serving people food on the bottoms of plates, I shall insist on your resigning your professorship."

She did insist on it, and he resigned and went into another and more general field of teaching. He is still a little bit inclined to be forgetful—like some of the rest of us—but he has never since served food on the bottom of a plate.—Boston Transcript.

His Answer Was Reassuring.

Mrs. Calino, the simple hearted and ingenuous Frenchman, happened to be riding in a train in the same compartment with a lady who was in constant fear of a smashup.

At every sudden stop, every jar, every sound of the bell or whistle, she cried out:

"Oh! Oh! Have we run off the track? Is it a collision? Are we going to be killed?"

Calino paid no attention, but remained wrapped in solemn silence. Presently the lady said to him:

"And you, sir, aren't you afraid of railroad accidents?"

"Not I, madame," answered Calino reassuringly. "It has been foretold that I am to die on the gullotine!"

The nervous woman went into hysterics and had to be removed from the train at the next station.—Youth's Companion.

Mausers and Lee-Enfields.

The chief distinction between the Mauser and the Lee-Enfield is this: that while the Lee-Enfield is a magazine which is inserted underneath the body through the trigger guard and secured by a catch and is provided with what is called a "cut off" to prevent the cartridges from rising, so that it can be used as a simple breech-loader for single firing until the magazine, which contains ten cartridges, is ordered to be used, the Mauser has a magazine which, though not absolutely fixed, is only intended to be taken off for cleaning. It does not need a "cut off" to use as a single-loader.

The magazine contains five cartridges; but whereas the cartridges for the Lee-Enfield have, when the magazine is charged, to be each put in separately, the magazine of the Mauser is filled at once by placing against the face of the magazine a set of five cartridges held in a clip which falls off when the cartridges have been inserted in the magazine.

Thus if each weapon were at the beginning of a fight empty, the Mauser would permit of more rapid fire because it could be loaded five cartridges at a time, while the Lee-Enfield would take, cartridge by cartridge, as long to load as a single breech-loader. On the other hand, the times when a very rapid discharge of fire is desirable are not numerous, and for these the Lee-Enfield has ten cartridges ready against the Mauser's five.—Nineteenth Century.

A German tailor who died at Breslau in 1837 had such keen sight that he was able to see two of Jupiter's four moons with the naked eye.